

It Lashes You

[*Végigver rajtad*](#)

In this heavy, lonely mist, I feel
At home. I gather from the undergrowth
What seems the yellow snapshots of your years.
The bed sinks into its broken springs,
Its tepid flotsam, pages of old letters,
Worn paper money: money for lunch, rent, pleasures
(All budgeted) - cinema, supper, cigarettes,
Wine. Your hair is the clean smell of bark.
Huddled together in our solitude,
We grew towards one another. Is this forest
A forest? In the cool light of afternoon,
I stand among the trees. Your arms embrace
The sky, or just the mist. They seem to slender
And so defenseless. Cold clouds hug the forest.
I am looking for your gloves; my face goes under
The blanket, and the loving forest
Caresses it; wife forest, forest multiplied
With words, filled with our letters, even our wrinkles
Leaves, leaf forest! Here all is beautiful.
Even in your absence everything recalls you;
Similes, comparisons also make
A forest - not the disputes nor the quarrels;
Only the peaceful words, the words not uttered,
Words we wish we had said, and those excessively
Used in lovemaking; true, half-true, then true
Again; forest of words. The wind is rising.
If only one could think it rattled pearls
About your neck! Instead of which, it strikes
The branches; brings slow, lazy rain, that knocks
With the rhythm of hollow slogans, causing
Only anguish. The wind swirls around,
(Newspapers, books, applications sweep the ground).

It climbs into the boles of oaks, as if
Rummaging in chests of drawers; it moves,
Sweats, rages on our window, bringing rain
And the noise of strangers before the house.
It brings a nervous beat to the heart, to fingers
Drumming on the bed, the pillow. It lashes you,
My forest; it lashes you, my wife, my homeland.

Translated by John W. Wilkinson

From [***Selected Poems***](#) by István Baka

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